The Weed

(a poem)

Growing here
in your yard
isn't really
very hard

I like to be
in the dirt
and wear my green
leafy shirt

My roots go down
into the soil
sorry if I
make you toil

Why do you
even try
to be rid of me
and make me die?

I'm just a humble
little sprout
throwing my seedlings
round about

I like it here
on your lawn
drinking dewdrops
dusk 'till dawn

Why can't I
be loved as much
as flowers, trees,
gardens, and such?

I have leaves!
Stem and root!
But you just stomp me
with your boot.

Birdtown Comics